

Love Me Tender by Memessavedme

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Summary:

Steve proposes

Love Me Tender

The tightness in his chest only worsened as he approached the door of their apartment, eyes closed focusing on the rehearsed words he had run through more than a hundred times that day. His throat dry and his arms feeling numb from the fear of what he was about to do. He didn't know why today had to be it, but something was telling him to do it the moment he got home. As if it was now or never.

So, as he turned the door handle and stepped into the tiny place they called home he took in the smell of fresh bread that filled the air while putting his bag down beside the entrance. The door closing with the quietest *click* he could manage before making his way through the living room which leads straight off the front door and into the kitchen.

There he was, hair now at an awkward length, clipped up in a mess to get it out of the way. With it only just beginning to catch up to the curls he had before Starcourt but not quite there yet. Wearing nothing but shorts and a vest, his scars peeking out at the waistline he put his oven gloves down on the counter and turned to greet Steve.

"Hey, alright day?" He asked and walked over to kiss Steve on the cheek.

"Yeah, same as always," He replied and leaned into it.

"I made that cheese bread I mentioned last week!" Billy smiled and turned back around to show him.

Except, in that time Steve made the decision that this was the moment. He pulled the black chrome band out of his back pocket and got down on his knee, hoping that this was going to play out the way it had in his head just seconds ago. When Billy turned, bread tray in hands he almost dropped the thing. His eyes wide and his mouth ajar as he stared at the ring in Steve's hand.

"Of course it won't be official or even legally binding but I want to spend the rest of my life with you and if you don't want this then

that's fine but-."

"Yes."

"What?"

"Yes," Billy said again and Steve stood up.

"I didn't even get to finish what I was saying," He smiled.

"You don't need to," Billy placed the tray down, slipped off the gloves once more and took Steve's face in his hands. "Why wouldn't I want this?"

"I just, you don't seem like the marriage type."

"What? You worried I'm only here for that ass?" His tongue peeking out from between his teeth as he smiled at his own joke.

"Well," Steve replied and leant forward to kiss him. "It is a pretty good ass."

"It sure is," Billy grabbed it and hit his lip.

"You got anything else cooking?" Steve asked and Billy shook his head, the answer he wanted.

"You better be ready for the best blow job of your life, Pretty Boy," Billy smirked and dragged him to the sofa only a few feet away, pushed him down onto the old cushions and knelt before him.

He wasn't lying. Steve's jeans were around his ankles before he could even process what had happened. "Wait!"

"What?" Billy paused his hands on Steve's thighs.

"This," Steve replied and took Billy's hand to slip the ring onto his finger. "Continue."

Billy looked at it for a moment before, well continuing. His fingers getting closer and closer to his briefs, which were then pulled down to reveal an already half boner. The mere thought of Billy wrapping

his lips around him getting him hard.

He didn't bother using his hands, lifting himself on his knees he began running his tongue around the head. Steve moaned, head rolling back as he let Billy do what he was best at. It didn't take long for the familiar feeling of his lips to begin sliding up and down, eyes fixed on Steve as his hair fell to the sides of his face. Steve having knocked the clip to the floor accidentally.

It really didn't take long for Steve to stop him, tell him to stand up and turn around. Hands flat on the coffee table as Steve pulled his shorts down and grabbed his cheeks. Pulled them apart, watched his hole twitch and then letting them go before leaning in to run his tongue over it. Tease him as his cock slowly began to rise, his hole already relaxing within minutes of Steve's tongue and then his fingers opening him up.

"That's enough," Billy moaned and stood up, turned back around and climbed onto Steve's lap. "Need that big dick in me now."

"Anything for my fiancé," Steve smiled and pulled his chest up against his own so he could reach around and press his cock to his entrance.

Tease him just a little more before pushing himself inside slowly. Billy's grip tightened on Steve's shoulders, his face pressed into his neck as he moaned out. So close, so intimate it was like it always was but this meant something more.

Steve leant his head against Billy's as he moved his hips, filled him up. Pulled him back and forth as he practically whimpered in his ear, sounds that only pushed him closer to finishing. So tight. "Fuck."

"I love you," Billy moaned just as Steve hit his prostate again. "So much. Shit."

"I love you," Steve said back and felt his body tense, nails digging into Billy's hips as he came long and hard.

Shooting right into him, his legs went limp at the feeling. The sensation that always helped Billy finish soon if not at the same time. Steve pushed him off and onto his back on the sofa, his dick

twitching for help to finally come as well.

Steve was more than happy to help, his mouth wrapped around him, licking his head.

"Finger me," He moaned, hands grabbing the cushions.

Still sucking, Steve pushed his finger inside and pushed against Billy's prostate as he curled it. The sounds coming from him threatening to get him hard again as he came right into Steve's mouth. Not a drop getting onto the sofa as he wiped his lips and collapsed onto him.

"You should propose more often," Billy exhaled as he ran his fingers through Steve's hair.

"I really should," He replied and kissed Billy's chest.

Author's Note:

I wrote this at 2am so take it as it is...

Title taken from the song Love Me Tender by Stereo
Jane which is a Harringrove song for sure 🙌